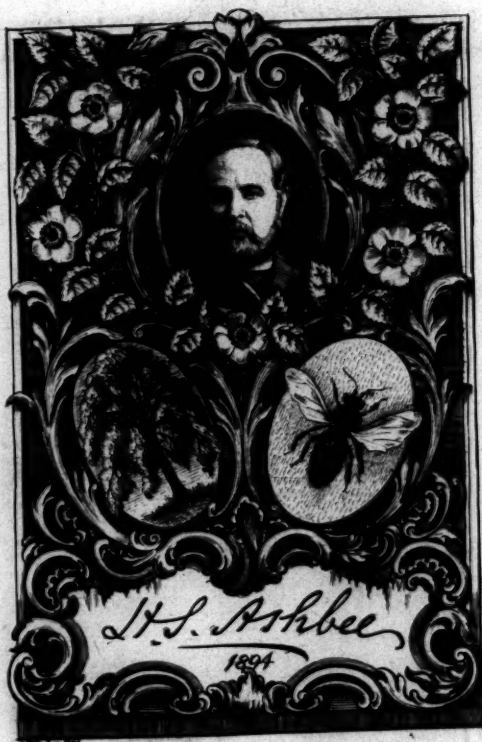
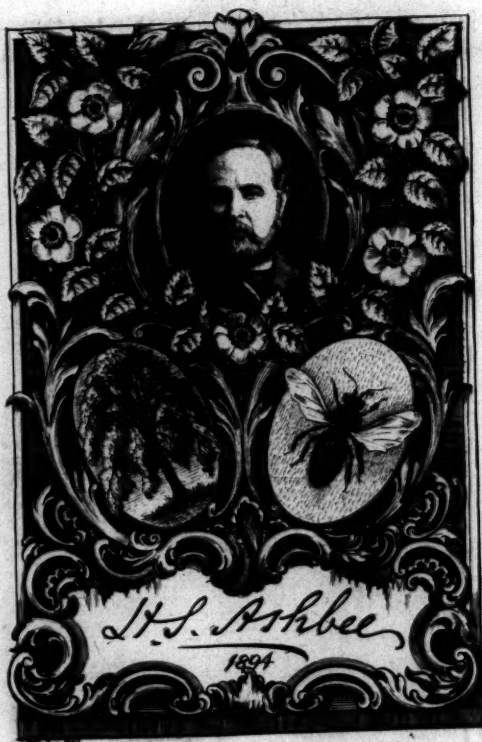
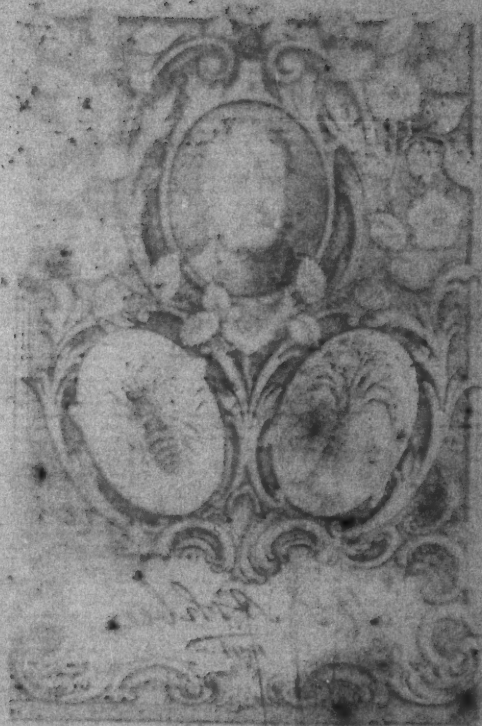
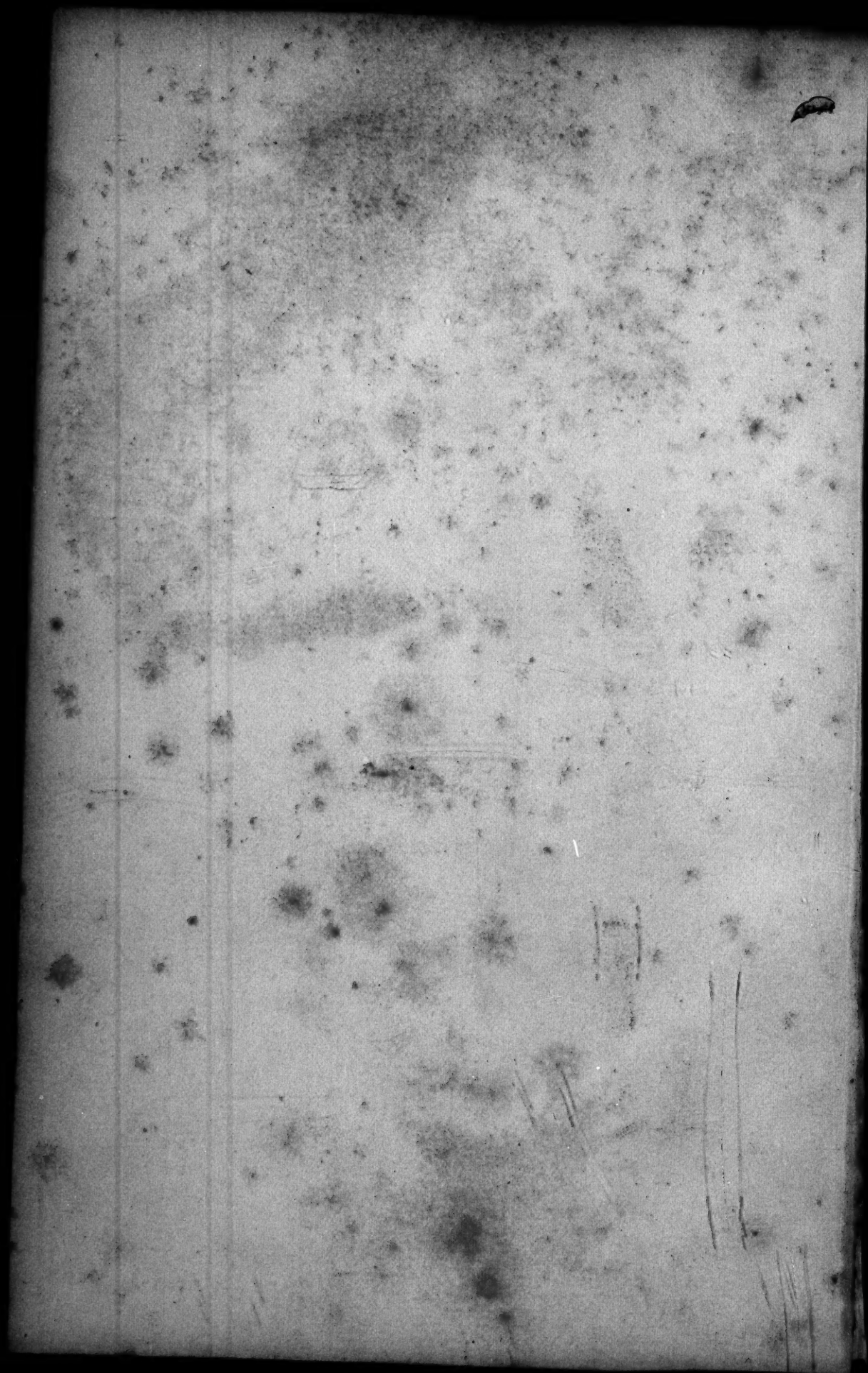










11777.9.102.
+
B A R A T A R I A

O R,

SANCHO TURN'D GOVERNOR,

A

F A R C E,

IN TWO ACTS:

As it is Performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden,

By FREDERICK PILON,

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY J. ALMON, No. 183, FLEET-STREET,

MDCCCLXXV.

B. H. ...

... GOVERNOR

... R. ...



... OFFICE

... J. O. ...

... J. ...

To the PUBLIC.

THE subject of the following Farce is taken from the second part of D'Urfey's Don Quixote. Three scenes only of the original have been retained; and even these it was found necessary to materially alter, and enrich with additions to give them a modern, a novel complexion.— Impressed with every veneration for the genius of Cervantes, the present writer has adhered to him as closely as the nature of dramatic writing would admit; and should the fame of that celebrated wit protect Sancho on the stage, the author of Barataria need not wish to be more successful.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Don Quixote	—	Mr. DAVIES.
Sancho	—	Mr. QUICK.
Duke	—	Mr. CUBIT.
Alonzo	—	Mr. HELME.
Pedro	—	Mr. THOMPSON.
Manuel	—	Mr. BONNOR.
Recorder	—	Mr. BOOTH.
Taylor	—	Mr. KENNEDY.
Gardener	—	Mr. JONES.
Thin Man	—	Mr. NEWTON.
Big Woman	—	Miss BRANGIN.
Smuggler	—	Mr. STEVENS.
Custom-House Officer		Mr. BATES.
Cryer	—	Mr. BESFORD.

Messengers, Servants, &c.

W O M E N.

Teresa	—	Mrs. WEBB.
Mary	—	Mrs. WILSON.
Rodriguez	—	Mrs. PITT.
Dutchess	—	Mrs. POUSIN.
Baratarian Lords, Ladies, Guards, and Attendants		

BARATARIA.

ACT I.

Scene an Apartment in Duke Ricardo's Palace.

Enter MANUEL and PEDRO.

MANUEL.

THIS is truly a curious whim of the Duke's to make Sancho a governor.

Pedro. I like the fancy of all things, and can anticipate in idea laughter without end from it. Sudden elevation too often makes the wise man forget himself, and become ridiculous; now I shall be glad to see what effect it will have upon a fool.

Manuel. The best of the joke is, old Rodriguez, her Grace's woman, takes every thing seriously; and is enraged to see a fellow like Sancho Panca dignified with the title of governor, whilst nothing is done for her after so many years attendance on the Duchess.

Pedro. Arn't you to be continually about his person?

Manuel. Yes; but the Duke has not yet given me my instructions in full. I wish you had over-heard Don Quixote this morning, admonishing Sancho for degrading his rank, by scuffling with one of the grooms over the grid-iron, about a brown crust and a rather of bacon; He lookt as fierce as the knight of the burning sword, or the knight of the burning pebble, whilst the chop-fallen Governor hung his head, as if he expected every minute to be cut into mince-meat, or pounded to a jelly. In pity to poor Sancho at last I interposed, and rescued his Excellency from a rib-roasting.

B

Pedro.

Pedro. As I am known to have pickt up a smattering of Latin, whilst attending the Duke at Salamanca, I have been appointed state physician to his Governorship.

Manuel. The worst character you could have assumed to appear gracious in Sancho's eye; he has a mortal aversion to physicians and lawyers, since his beloved Dapple had like to have been killed by the quackery of a horse-doctor, and he himself ruined by the knavery of a petty-fogging attorney. I should not be surprized if he commence his government by issuing a proclamation for the extinction of both professions, sentencing the members of each to hang up, and poison one another.

Pedro. History says, the cackling of a goose saved a whole nation in antient times, and may again in modern for ought we can tell to the contrary.

Manuel. These trumpets announce our new Governor receiving his commission in form; for Heaven sake let us see the ceremony.

Pedro. By all means; I would not miss it to be appointed governor to an island in good earnest.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to a grand apartment in the palace; the Duke, the Duchess, Don Quixote, Sancho, Rodriguez, and attendants, discovered. A pompous flourish of trumpets.

Duke. Illustrious and renowned La Mancha, we hold ourselves much honor'd by your visit. Your resolution still to follow fortune, and add new laurels to your well won fame, we must commend, however it afflicts us;—and be assured, the choice we have made of your faithful 'squire, to fill a post of honour, trust, and dignity, is chiefly owing to the high rank he has long held in your favour. Your patronage has rais'd him to our esteem and friendship.

Don. Your Grace is truly noble. My sense of all your many favors transcends the power of utterance. I quit your territories, fill'd with sentiments of your Grace, sublime and awful. My faithful Sancho, I am well assured, will never forfeit that confidence your Grace reposes

B A R A T A R I A.

poses in him ; shou'd he prove ingrate, no punishment wou'd be severe enough for his deserts—no power withhold my means to inflict it.

Duke. My worthy friend (to Sancho) proceed we now to your nomination.

Don. 'Sdeath, is that a look fit for a Governor ? Hold up thy head for shame—his joy, my Lord, has so prest upon his spirits, his tongue is not yet at liberty.

Duke. Know, all we here have made our choice.—Of Barataria be thou Governor, and thy commands be absolute.

Omnes. Long live the noble Governor of Barataria.

Artillery discharged, drums and trumpets flourish, whilst Sancho is invested with the ensigns of his new appointment.

Duke. Into your hands we put your new commission, with our broad seal, which raises you to supreme authority over our islanders. [*Gives him a roll of parchment.*]

Sancho. And good care your Grace shall find I'll take of it ; nobody shall steal this muffin from me [*handling the seal.*] I'll lay my seal up at night, and my robes also, where no thieves shall come at them.

Don Quixote. Oh ! fortunate Sancho ! Oh ! most happy 'Squire ! I greet thee.

Duchess. And I,

Omnes. And all of us.

Sancho. Ah marry, Sir, this sounds well indeed ; there's no squeaking in this bagpipe ; it's wonderful to think how merrily an ass will trip up hill that's laden with gold.

Don Quixote. Art thou now satisfied, that through my means thou hast at last obtained thy long-lookt-for government ?

Sancho. I am, Sir ; long-lookt-for come at last ; better late than never ; he who is obstinate soon wears his coat threadbare ; folly may hinder a man of many a good turn. I beseech you, Sir, to pardon my proverbs, and thank the Duke there for his noble favour, which I do now resolve to deserve, by filling my place as well as I can.

Duke. Have the chief citizens, and leading men of the island, notice of their new Governor's approach?

Attendant. They have, my Lord.

Duke. 'Tis well. Is there ought else, our much-beloved Sancho, in which myself, or the Duchess there, can honor thee?

Duchess. Any thing in my power—the noble Governor is sure he may command, unless it be to give him leave to salute my woman Rodriguez before he departs for his government.

Rodriguez. Salute me!—I'd see his Governorship hanged first.

Duke. Come, good words Rodriguez; there is a vast distinction now between you and Sancho; but to prevent that envy, and that insult, his sudden elevation may excite, be it known that henceforward, the commands of the Noble Don Sancho, be absolute as my own throughout all my dominions.

Duch. Be it your care Rodriguez to see the squire is nobly treated.

San. Thank your noblenesses—then pray mistress, since I find you have nothing to do, will you be so kind just to step yonder into the court-yard, and you'll find a dapple grey ass—do so much as see they tend him as well as my master's horse, for 'tis a loving creature; I can't 'tend him myself by reason you see I have affairs here to mind.

Rod. Why, how now jackanapes, know you whom you talk to?—take that—*(strikes him)* for your ill manners if you were fifty times a governor.

San. A guard! a guard! and bear her away to prison; I'll have the witch burnt alive for striking a governor.

Duke. Hold great governor—We feel the indignity shewn to your person, in as lively a manner as if it had been offered to our own.

Duch. And be assured this disrespect to us shall not go unpunished.

Duke. Yet in consideration of the offending party's sex.—

San.

San. Her sex! I wish your grace had felt her fist—body of me! you'd have had your doubts about her sex; do but look at it, its shaped like a shoulder of mutton, and comes down like a mallet.

Duke. I say in consideration of her sex, and that it is her first offence, we will not punish Rodriguez with that death, which she so justly merits; but it is our high degree, that you instantly make proper concession to wipe off the base affront with which you have marked his countenance.

Sancho. No more wipes, or marks, I beseech your grace, from that lady in the countenance; however, lest your grace shou'd think me an ill-natured fellow, in consideration of Rodriguez's great age we forgive her.

Rodriguez. I despise your forgiveness, Sirrah! upon any such terms, my great age! my great age truly.

Sancho. What ever doubts the hardness of her fist made me entertain of her sex, are entirely removed—now I'm sure she's a woman, since, she had rather die, than acknowledge herself an old one.

Duke. But come, friend Sancho; its time you depart to take possession of your government, your subjects by this time expect you—

Don Quixote. Then by all means Sancho begone; that governor who wou'd live happily himself—must first study the happiness of his people.

Sancho. I tell you what master of mine; the best governor that ever wore hair upon his chin, wont sometimes be able to please his people; but I'll do the best I can; every man was n't born with a silver spoon in his mouth; but if after all nothing will do, why I'll e'en leave them to themselves, and wash my hands of the government.

Duke. There are few governors, friend Sancho, when they retire from power, whose hands do not require a little cleaning; so wishing thee all health, and tranquility in thy island, most noble governor adieu.

[*Exeunt Duke, Dutcheß and attendants, trumpets flourish.*]

Manent

Manent Sancho and Quixote.

Don Quixote. I yet must be a minute with my friend, I'll follow your grace instantly; at length my faithful Squire, I behold fortune reward thy long services; yet 'ere I leave thee, attend to my admonitions, and I will be thy north star, to pilot thy bark, and steer it into the harbour of safety, and honor; first my Sancho.

Sancho. I beseech you, Sir, to speak slowly—that I may keep pace with you; you know my understanding was always more for the trot, than the gallop—and I am but a *chicken* of a governor yet you know.

Don Quixote. If thou wouldst make thyself a proper governor, be careful of thy morals—to have, or to be thought to have morality, is extremely useful for a governor; if it were nothing but to be a skreen, that people might not pry too curiously into his conduct, and proceedings—not but that his actions ought to be such, as will bear the strictest scrutiny—yet if he be once reputed a moral man, let him be a Turk in opinion, or religion, tis not three-half-pence matter—secondly my Sancho.

Sancho. That firstly, is a special good law.

Don Quixote. Secondly I say a governor ought to have a nice, and tender conscience; so very susceptible, a fly cannot buz near it, without making him shrink,

Sancho. It ought to sit tight, and close to him; like a thimble, upon the Duchess's finger; not as I have heard it fits sometimes; like a jockey's boot, that he can stretch which way he pleases.

Don Quixote. Next be sure not to forget thy original; nor blush to own thou com'st of a mean extraction; for when thou art not ashamed of it thyself, nobody will seek to make thee so.

Sancho. But then, there will be no occasion to tell the people I was once a hog-driver.—Besides, when I have got the government, and am grown rich, nobody will trouble themselves about what I was; daub yourself over with honey, and you'll never want flies; "what a man has, so much he's sure of."—

Don Quixote. Sancho, you must be cautious not to overlard thy discourse with those cursed proverbs; when pro-

properly, and judiciously used, they enrich, and embellish conversation; but thou bringst 'em in so by the head, and shoulders, that the purpose is defeated.

Sancho. Ecod I believe, Sir, my mother longed for them; its a disease that heaven alone can cure me of; I have proverbs enough to fill a large sack; and when I talk, they crowd so thick to my mouth, that they quarrel which shall get out first.

Don Quixote. The next thing, Sancho, is to be cautious in your choice of officers of trust; remember you are but guardian of the *people's treasure*, and must be careful to chuse honest men.

Sancho. Yes, master; but how am I to know them? after the steed's stol'n 'tis too late to shut the stable door. I intend to act with *certainty* in this case—and as I am sure my people will not produce any man that's honester than their governor, I will instantly appoint *myself*, first lord of the treasury of Barataria.

Don Quixote. In that case, Sancho, I fear thy people will think thou hast not so much disinterestedness, as thou ought'st. Prudently examine what thy income may amount to in a year; then if thou can'st afford fourscore servants, keep but half, and what wou'd maintain the others, give to the poor, that their blessings may accompany thee wherever thou appearst; in the execution of justice, act with strict impartiality; avoid corruption, or the taking of bribes; which is so tempting, and withal so crying a sin, there is not one governor in forty can forbear damning himself by it.

Sancho. Why then, lord have mercy upon my soul too; for to deal plainly I am afraid my fingers (as well as the rest) will itch most cursedly to be handling the money. But, Sir, I hope, you'll allow there are perquisites, which its fair a man should receive in all places; if it was not for the fees, some places wou'd not be worth the having; like the sauce, to certain meats, which sometimes exceeds the dish itself.

Don Quixote. I wou'd not have thee, Sancho, when appointed a protector, turn out a scourge, and a tyrant; he flatters himself in vain with hopes of enjoying happiness, in the possession of immense wealth, when obtain-

ed

ed at the price of blood, and the tears and sufferings of impoverished provinces; it is true he may silence his accusers by rich presents, and thus escape the sword of earth-born justice; but guilt and remorse will poison all his pleasures, and tell him there is no blinding the eyes, or staying the sword of divine vengeance.

Sancho. Don't you think, Sir, you have made this bribery business rather a little too long?—I'm afraid I shall forget the best part of it.

Don Quixote. I could be somewhat satirical upon thy parts now, but that I love thee, Sancho, and therefore, will desist; besides, to do thee justice, thou art not the first, who has had a government he was not beholden to his deserts for.

Sancho. No, nor shan't be last, Sir; for desert is governed by fortune you know, and in a double manner; for if some were to have their true deserts, they would be princes, and governors presently; and if others, again were to have theirs, o'ons what an army of them would be hang'd up in one summer?

Don Quixote. Well, dear Sancho, for that saying, thou deservest not only to govern an island, but an empire; walk with gravity, and speak with deliberation?—drink moderately, for drunkenness neither observes a promise, nor keeps a secret; eat little at dinner, and less at supper, (*Sancho starts*) for the stomach is the storehouse whence health is to be imparted to the whole body; if thou observest these rules, thy days will be long, and prosperous; thou shalt live beloved by all;—thy government shall be peaceable; and when the time of thy departure from this world arrives—thy children, and grand children, shall with duteous steps lamenting, follow thee to the silent tomb. [*Sancho yawns violently.*] I perceive, my Sancho, thou art weary of my good advice, and I shall lose, time in bestowing more rules for thy well doing; therefore, lastly—

Sancho. *Lastly!* I am glad of that with all my heart; unless your *lastly* should be as long as Master Perez, our curate's, whose *lastly* is longer than all the rest of his discourse.

Don

Don Quixote. Lastly, I say, be vigilant; avoid that horrid drowsiness to which thou art accusom'd. You have been long addicted to much sleep; now you are a man who must be ever watchful for the good of your people.

Sancho. I don't see any great occasion for that; your kings and princes must sleep as well as other men;—and then see master what a pleasure I shall lose; next to eating the greatest. The blessing of his heart light on him who first invented this same sleep; it covers a man over like a cloak. There is but one thing makes me dislike sleep; it resembles death too much; there's little difference between a man in his first, and a man in his last sleep.

Don Quixote. This is all the advice I shall deliver to you at present; if thou tak'st care to let me hear from thee hereafter, I shall give thee more.

Sancho. I see very well that all you have told me is mighty good, and pat to the purpose; but what am I the better if I can't keep it in my head;—by tomorrow I shall no more remember all this than the shape of last week's clouds; therefore pray let me have it in black and white; for tho' I can't write, I'll get one of my people to hammer it into my noddle; and as for the disgrace of not writing, I can pretend my hand is lame, and so get my secretary to sign for me; for there's a remedy for all things but death.

Don Quixote. I now shall leave you, Sancho; I have done my duty in giving thee good and wholesome advice; if thou dost not do the part of a good Governor, thine will be the fault, tho' the shame and discredit will be mine. His Highness has sent for your wife and daughter Mary; prepare yourself to meet them, and wait at the town's end the arrival of your people.—Adieu!

Sancho. Good bye, Sir.—I can but thank ye.—You have given me a plaguy deal of good council, if I have but the grace to follow it;—but come, many ventures make a full freight;—the cudgel that bruises is the thing that contuzes; I'll be very complaisant in the beginning, but hold to the end say I. The cowl does not make the friar, nor the gown a governor. So, Sir,

C

with-

wishing you soon to be an emperor, we take our leave, to feast and give our islanders a play day, and meet our spouse, who now must be a lady. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE *a Rural View.*

Enter TERESA and MARY.

Teresa. Come along, Mary; cheer thy good heart child; and since thy father is got to be governor at last, we must learn to be great folks. Remember we are to take the right hand of all the court ladies. Sancho has sent word that he has made you a Countess.

Mary. O gemini! a Countess! mother! I'm ready to jump out of my skin;—a Countess! Lord won't we ride in our coach?

Teresa. Our coach and six child.

Mary. Then, by goles, I'll work our coachman; I'll have riding about enough!

Teresa. Your father is made a governor, and we are made ladies of course.

Mary. And of course I suppose I'm to have a waiting maid.

Teresa. Yes child, and a footman into the bargain.

Mary. A footman! Dear heart, that puts me in mind of my dream. I dreamt last night I was bedizen'd out at such a rate, and looking in a glass; which is always a sign of change you know; then behind me stood a fine, tall, proper, handsome fellow of a footman; his head as white as snow, a huge lace frill to his shirt, and ruffles down to his knuckles; it wou'd have done your heart good to have seen them.—Who's this I wonder?

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter MANUEL.

Proteus himself has not assumed a greater variety of shapes than Manuel, to please the humour of the Duke. Here must I wait the arrival of Sancho's sweet spouse, Teresa, and buxom Mary his daughter, to usher them in state to Barataria. Eh! Why [*approaching with his bat off*] If I am not mistaken, you are ladies——

Mary (interrupting him). No indeed, Sir, you are not mistaken; we are ladies; my father's a governor, and his wife a governor's lady, and his daughter——

Teresa.

Teresa. Will the wench's tongue never stop? Sir, as you are a gentleman, who has all the appearance of a real gentleman, we wou'd be for ever obliged to you—no offence we hope, Sir,—if you'd tell us in what street the Governor's house is?

Manuel. In what street! In what square, madam, you shou'd have demanded, does the Governor's palace stand? But if I am not deceived in your appearance, noble lady, I even now speak to great Don Sancho's confort.

Mary. His confort! Not you indeed—you speak to his lawful wife in wedlock. But come, as you are so good at guessing—guess again—who am I?

Manuel. Oh! sweet young lady, how your vivacity charms me! There is something so peculiarly your own in every thing you say or do, it's impossible I can mistake you; you are the all-accomplished lady Mary, your father and your mother's daughter.

Mary. By gingo! he has hit it. Now who'd have thought this fellow wou'd have known I was my father and mother's daughter. But tell me, young man—

Teresa (*aside to Mary.*) Young man! For shame, Mary, this by his appearance must certainly be the Duke.

Mary. The Duke!

Manuel. You do me too much honour, great lady, in that supposition; I am only in the service of the Duke.

Mary. Well, now mother, what do you say to that? I knew he was a servant, by his keeping his hat in his hand all this while; what signifies his long sword, and his laced cloaths; why I am told the very turn-spits at court ride in their coaches.

Teresa. I suppose, young man, as you are a servant, you can't be less than the Duke's butler.

Manuel. No, madam, I'm master of Don Sancho's horse.

Mary. Master of Don Sancho's horse! This is the first time I knew every man wasn't master of his own horse.

Manuel. I have all the Governor's household cavalry entrusted to my care.

Teresa. I thought he was a butler.

Mary. By goles! mother you are right. But, Mr. Butler, or Mr. Master of the Horse, he! he! he! put on your dancing pumps, and let us be jogging, for I long to see my father, and poor Dapple. Lord! Lord! how glad they'll both be to meet us.

Manuel. Every thing is in readiness, madam, for your departure. [*He draws his sword and waves it, when two sedan chairs are brought on.*]

Teresa. Down upon your knees, Mary, and ask your life, for this is his most noble royalty the Duke, and he's going to kill us for calling him a butler.

Manuel. I beseech your Excellency to rise; be not alarmed, I only drew my sword as a signal for your guards to approach.

Mary. Our guards! worse and worse, mother; as sure as I stand here they have hanged up father, and they are going to hang us up after him.

Manuel. Sweet Lady Mary, all your apprehensions are groundless; take your seats in the chairs, and I'll soon conduct you into the presence of the noble Governor. You are to consider that troop of horse yonder only as attendants.

Mary. Only so many footmen on horseback; well then, mother, do you get in first, and I'll sit in your lap.

Manuel. No, no: there's a chair apiece for you; this is your's lady Mary. [*They both get in the chairs.*]

Mary [*looking out of the chair.*] By goles this is pure. O mother, is not this better than riding in a cart?

Teresa. Yes child, or in a waggon.

Mary. Charming! Softly, young man, don't bump a body so much. Let mother go first; she's oldest.

[*Exeunt in chairs.*]

SCENE changes to a plain before the gates of Barataria.

SANCHO and DAPPLE discovered.

Sancho. Dear heart! how tedious the time passes, when a man wants to get into power. I wish my people would come! There is one thing my master gave me a great charge about I must be very careful not to forget; and

and that is, instead of the words I, and me, I am in future to say we, and us. We will sup with you! and you shall sup with us! Ecod, it sounds very big.—But then, does not making so much of *we* look as if *I* was nobody? It is as much as to say, *we* great men are no longer ourselves. There's a devilish good saving clause tho' in *we*; in case *I* should do any thing amiss, *we* may make other people accountable. Well, but we think our corporation of Barataria are not very mannerly to keep us kicking our heels here so long—we have such a craving at our stomach, that we cou'd sit down to dinner with Dapple, and feast upon thistles. Poor fellow! [*patting Dapple's head*] he too looks as hungry as a judge's clerk at a long trial. We may be considered now as the best of all Governors, for we are fasting for our people. Well, if we fast for them now, I will eat most plentiful for myself; odd rat it! *we* shall never forget *I* when eating is the word. Oh! here come the welcome messengers of luck.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Long live the noble Don Sancho, Governor and Protector of the city and island of Barataria.

Sancho. Long life and short commons I think it is friend; but we'll all live as long as we can, and the longest liver take all. Now what's your business with Don Sancho, Governor, Protector, and all that?

Mess. The magistrates, and chief men of your city, approach to receive your Lordship, and humbly intreat to know, if it be your Lordship's serene pleasure that they should have the honor of throwing themselves at your Lordship's feet.

Sancho. Why then let them know that it is my serene pleasure they do so; and tell them also, that if they had opened their gates to me an hour ago, I should have had a serene appetite, as well as a serene pleasure at seeing them.

Mess. Your Lordship knows the orders issued by his Highness the Duke cou'd not be dispens'd with.

Sancho. Well, plague of this talking—let 'em come, and with as short a ceremony as possible. [*Exit messenger bowing off.*] I'd almost exchange my government for
a good

a good dinner. Oh! here they come at last. [*Enter Magistrates and others in great form, Recorder with a paper.*] Upon my word the corporation of Barataria has a most citizen-like appearance. What a fine fat figure of an Alderman that is yonder; he has turtle and venison, and calf's-head in his countenance. Why what's all this! The corporation's as mute as a drove of oxen; I suppose they wait for me to break the ice; here goes then; neck or nothing; like a true courtier I'll tip them flummery, tho' I wish them up to their necks in a horse-pond. Well, my worthy, honest, good friends, how do you all do? have you any thing to say to me!

Recorder (reads the speech.) Most high and mighty Don Sancho, descended from that most ancient and rever'd stock, the Pancas of La Mancha, a family not more distinguished for the antiquity of its origin, than for the illustrious characters with which it has adorn'd the world;—for more than three hundred years your ancestors have been leaders of armies, and counsellors to princes.

Sancho. Hold, hold, friend;—many words fill not a bushel;—tell truth and shame the devil;—a liar should have a good memory; and, to my certain knowledge, either you or I am confoundedly mistaken. What my family was three hundred years ago, is neither here nor there; but I can assure you, not one of them who came within my knowledge ever led any armies, except it was an army of turkies and geese, which I myself, indeed, have valiantly drove to market; then, as to counselling Princes, I never saw one in my life, except the Duke, your Lord and mine, who has made me a Governor; so now go on; but if you possibly can, avoid fibbing.

Recorder. In you, my Lord, shine all the noble qualities of your illustrious name-fake and near relation, Don Sancho, of Arragon, who gallantly slew, with his own hand, seven and forty Moors in one battle, and routed an army of half a million.

Sancho. You have told me seven and forty lies already; and if I was to suffer you to proceed, I foresee you'd tell me half a million. The noble qualities of my near relation shine in me! Whatever shines in me, I know here is

is a great deal of something *shines* in you to tell me such stories.

Recorder. You yourself are my Lord——

Sancho. As hungry as a hunter;—therefore, Mr. Recorder, put up your long speech;—and after dinner I'll put on my night-cap, and hear you go over the whole of it again with composure.

Recorder. There are yet further ceremonies to be observed before you enter into office.

Sancho. How many stumbling blocks are in the road to preferment; its besieging a town to get into place.

Recorder. First we present you with the keys of the town.

Sancho. Well, then I remember my master bid me return them; so there they are again. Don't think you have got a Governor, who means to keep you under lock key, like so many pigs in a pound. Giving me the keys of your town, is as much as to say, you commit your rights and liberties to my charge, and I return them, to tell you that I do not mean to abuse the trust. And now, my honest friend, let us go to dinner.

Recorder. We first solicit your Excellency's gracious answer.

Sancho. My answer! To what question?

Recorder. We mean your Lordship's answer to our dutiful and loyal address.—It is usual for the Governor, on these occasions, to express his approbation of our attachment and loyalty to him in a speech, and promise at the same time, to take every step within the compass of his abilities conducive to our interest and welfare.

Sancho. I understand you; that is, you scratch my back, and I'll claw your elbow. What signifies making fine promises before hand; it's very easy to make them to get into place, and easier still to break them when secure in the saddle; no, no: on both sides the proof of the pudding shall be in the eating of it. I'll approve of your loyalty, if I like the entertainment you have provided for me. Good governors always like good eating, and good citizens always take care to provide such.

Recorder. A sumptuous banquet is prepared for your Excellency's table, which will be ready after your public entry into town.

Sancho.

Sancho. Come then, let's be gone.

Officer. But how wou'd your Excellency have us dispose of the ass?

Sancho. Lord! Lord! how soon a great man begins to forget his friends.—What Dapple! the companion of all my fastings and drubbings; forget thee! no, never. I'll have a plate laid for him every day at my own table, and cou'd he but read and write, I'd make him my secretary.

Recorder. Such an instance of preferment is not unprecedented; a Roman Emperor made his horse fill one of the highest departments in the state.

Sancho. He did! Then I tell you what, Mr. Recorder, Dapple shall have the place; and for the good wishes you seem to entertain for him, you shall do the business as his deputy. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

PROCESSION composed of vrious Groups of Baratarsians with SANCHO.

Comic Music suited to each Group as the Banners appear.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE *an elegant Apartment in the Governor's Palace.*

Enter SANCHO with a large Bundle of Petitions under his Arm followed by MANUEL. A Table and Chairs.

SANCHO (*Throws himself into a chair*).

O H! the fatigues of being a great man! though not two hours a governor I have my hands full of grievances already (*laying down the bundles of papers*), but come, friend, read them over as fast as you can.

Manuel. As there are so many, if I acquaint your Lordship with the substance of the principal petitions, reserving the rest for to morrow, I fancy it will be sufficient.

Sancho.

Sancho. You are right—so proceed.

Manuel. This, my lord, is a petition from [*takes a paper and looks at it*] the Cutler's company; praying you would revoke the edict issued by your predecessor against duelling, by which the wearing of swords is become so much out of fashion, that there are above ten thousand journeymen cutlers in your Island at this moment starving.

Sancho. I'll not revoke the law against duelling; there can't be too many against the practice; I'm a mortal foe to cutting of throats; and a great enemy to starving also.

Manuel. The next is a petition from the boot-makers of Cordova, earnestly soliciting your Lordship's patronage, and requesting you would wear nothing but boots. —And here is another from the cordwainers of Barataria, enforcing the superiority of shoes, hoping you will wear them only.

Sancho. Why what's to be done in this business? I wou'd fain please all parties, but that's impossible, as the case stands before me.—Suppose I promise to wear boots all the winter, and shoes all the summer.

Manuel. But then there's the spring and autumn; what do you intend to wear during those seasons?

Sancho. In the spring, and autumn, I'll have a will of my own; they shan't, all the year round, have the length of my foot.

Manuel. This comes, my Lord, from the manufacturers in wool, intreating your encouragement; and as they have brought that commodity in quality to the finest linen cloth, beg that in future you wou'd wear it in shirts, and thus render the consumption of that article universal.

Sancho. I must confess I have no great opinion of the invention, but as a good governor shou'd even make a shift, to do without a shirt, to please his people—say their petition is granted—well, what is next?

Manuel. Here is a petition from the opticians, requesting your Lordship would wear spectacles.

Sancho. What, whether I want them or not?

D

Manuel.

Manuel. If you want them there is no merit in the wearing of them—you cannot be too disinterested in your encouragement of trade—besides, there is nothing gives the face such an air of wisdom as spectacles; they look like magnifying skylights; or rather intellectual microscopes, thro' which sublimer understandings contemplate the little objects of this little world, to nearer advantage.

Sancho. Well, as every governor must have his blind side, ours shall be to please our people—so that petition is granted—but zooks! I grow impatient; you'll famish me with too much business.

Manuel. You'll hear the petition, my Lord, from the dealers in mum.

Sancho. Well, let's hear—the dealers in mum can't have much to say.

Manuel. They humbly request your Lordship wou'd substitute mum for wine at your table.

Sancho. Then tell them I won't—whilst I have a tongue to wag, or palate to taste, no mum for Sancho—why, what the devil would they be at?

Manuel. I'll read the next petition to your Lordship.

Sancho. I'll hear no more petitions 'till I have gratified the cravings of a petition from my stomach—I have given up half my senses already; but I'm determined to retain some at my own disposal—so ho! is the eating put off till to-morrow?

[*Going off.*]

Enter Messenger.

Your Lordship's presence is required in the courts of justice, to try criminals, and determine civil causes.

Sancho. What before dinner? impossible—impossible!

(*Going.*)

Messenger. Remember that your Excellency is sworn faithfully to observe all the long established customs of the island; and those ordain an immediate hearing to the complaints of the injured, and that criminals, on conviction, be punished with all possible speed—

Sancho.

Sancho. Nay, if that be the case, I must submit; but all I hang friend, before dinner may lay their hal-
ters at your door.

Messenger. Room for the governor! [*Exit with Sancho.*]

Manet Manuel. You must wait a little longer for dinner than you imagine, my Lord Governor; I shall have a rare detail of adventures to transmit his grace if we succeed in every particular as hitherto.—[*Enter Pedro*].—How, Pedro, goes on your part of the plot?

Pedro. To a miracle—

Manuel. Have you seen the wife, and daughter?

Pedro. Yes, and wou'd advise thee to take a peep at them, as two of the greatest natural curiosities, ever yet exhibited in Spain—

Manuel. Bless your soul! I have made a conquest of Mary.

Pedro. And I can assure you her excellency Lady Teresa has no small penchant for your friend Pedro; so that between us Sancho and his family will be well taken care of—

Manuel. But come, let us go hear him as a judge; in the present state of his appetite, he'll shew no more mercy to a criminal, than he wou'd to a mess of Olla Podrida. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene Changes to a Court of Justice.

Sancho Seated on the Bench; Constable, Cryer, Custom-house Officer, Smuggler, &c. &c. &c. Taylor, Gardener, thin Man, Big Woman.

Cryer. O yes! O yes! let all manner of person, or persons who come not hither for justice, keep silence; and let all those who have any complaints to make speak them boldly; the governor is prepared to hear and redress them.

Sancho. He is prepared, as far as hunger will let him; and though I know my judgement wou'd be clearer upon a full stomach, I'll try for once how wise fasting will make me; what's the first cause?

(D 2.

A Big

A Big Woman and a little Man brought forward.

Sancho. Well woman, what have you to say?

Woman. Oh! my Lord, I am an undone woman!
this villain here—

(Weeps.)

Sancho. What, that shrimp?

Woman. That ruffian; that Goliath in miniature; with violence, on my way to town, assaulted me, and ruined my character for ever.

Sancho. One story is good, till another is told; now let us hear what our little Gog, and Magog has to say for himself.

Man. My Lord Governor, I am the son of my father.—

Sancho. Indeed!

Man. Who is called Diego—I was sent with fifty pieces in a purse to Terevaria, to pay a debt:—This woman met me, and thinking me not able to defend my property—she attempted to rob me of it—and when I refus'd to part with it; she wickedly laid this charge against me, and had me brought before your worship.

Sancho. Oh! most atrocious villian! where is your purse?

Man. Here, your honor. [*Shows it.*]

Sancho. Then to let you see how much I value honest women, there take his purse as some consolation for the injury he has done thee, and thy character.

Man. O, good your honor! if you take that I am an undone man.

Woman. Blessing on your honor's sweet face!—Oh you are an upright magistrate! [*Exit woman.*]

Man. Oh! I am ruined; I'm lost! Oh that ever I was born!—

Sancho. Well, poor fellow! upon second thoughts, all the money is too much to give her—so gather up your little legs as hard as you can, and force the purse from her—make haste.

Man. I'll do what I can, but I fear 'twill be a hard matter.

[*Exit Man.*]

Sancho.

Sancho. I begin to perceive that this island is very full of enormities. [Noise without.]

Sancho. How now, what's the matter?

Re-enter Woman and Little Man.

Woman. O, your Honor! this impudent fellow, contrary to your honor's judgement, has follow'd me, and wou'd have taken the purse away from me by force, and sent the constable to bring me again before your worship.

Sancho. And has he got the purse?—

Woman. No, I warrant your worship; you ordered me to keep it, and I wou'd have pulled his eyes out 'ere I'd part with it.

Sancho. Give it me; let me see if there's none missing—there, fellow, take your purse again; and bid the beadle give Mrs. Honesty here a hundred stripes.

Woman. Oh mercy! your worship, what mean you?

Sancho. If you had defended your honesty, as well as you did the purse—you need not have made this complaint here—away, I'll have no reply.

[Exit Man and Woman]

Smuggler brought forward by Custom-house Officer.

Sancho. Well, friend, what have you to complain of?

Officer. Why, my Lord, you must know, I am an Officer of the Customs; and I am come to complain against this fellow, my Lord, for defrauding Government.

Sancho. Defrauding Government, as how?

Officer. By the smuggling of Chocolate, and bad spirits, please your Lordship.

Sancho. Sblood! what's this I hear! a smuggler! I'll shew him no mercy; this fellow is a kind of a state pickpocket, and shou'd be hung upon a gibbet fifty-feet high; Sirrah! Sirrah! what have you to say for yourself before I pronounce sentence?

Smuggler. Will your Lordship hear me?

Sancho. I dont know whether I will or not; but come what have you say?

Smug-

Smuggler. Why, my Lord, you must know that I am owner of a small coasting vessel, in which I carry goods to different parts of your lordship's island for sale; now as it happens, that I am sometimes obliged to put to sea in very dark nights, for fear of losing the wind, I have more than once neglected paying the duty for the commodities I have shipped.

Sancho. And what do you call this but smuggling you dog—Eh! what have you to say for yourself now?

Smuggler. Truly very little, my Lord; but there are a few friends in this canvass bag, that will convince your Lordship I had no dishonest intentions. [*Giving Sancho a bag of money.*]

Sancho. Eh! Why upon my word there is some weight in this last argument.

Smuggler. I have kept a regular account of every shilling I was indebted to the revenue, for these three years back, which, finding it amount to five hundred crowns, I put it in that bag, and I have now honestly paid your Lordship—and discharged my conscience—

Officer. Don't believe a syllable he utters, my Lord; for to my knowledge he has been a smuggler these twenty years——

Sancho. Then what's the reason you never informed against him before?

Smuggler. Because, my Lord, I used to pay him all my arrears; and he informs against me now, only because I did not think the contents of that bag so safe in his hands as in your Lordship's——

Sancho. I believe it—every word you speak carries conviction with it; I never met a man who used stronger arguments [*Handling the bag*]: why shou'd not a smuggler have credit as well as other tradesmen; and you, Mr. Custom-house Officer, take notice we dismiss you from our employ; and, Mr. Smuggler, you shall have his place; there's nothing like the old proverb, *Set a thief to catch a thief.*

[*Exeunt Smuggler and Cust. Off.*]

Taylor

Taylor and Gardener brought forward.

Sancho. What's your complaint now? *Short—Short—*

Taylor. Why, and please your Honor, my name is Snip, I am by trade a woman's taylor, and a man that the parish knows to be a man—that is not a man—who as a man may say, will willingly let any man, tho' it may chance with fair looks a man may be deceived, yet your honor knows who are a man—

Sancho. Who am a man, not like to get to the end of your story all day at this rate—brief!—short! quick!

Taylor. Why, your honor, in few words, must know my complaint is against this *Radish*, the gardener here, who has most wickedly, and unneighbourly defrauded me of a tame cock pheasant, which I, and my wife tenderly brought up; yet this ravenous canibal laid violent hands on the poor bird—slaid it, took it home to his wife, roasted it, and had I not come just in the nick, and hindered them, they wou'd have eaten it this day for dinner.

Sancho. Umph! what say you to this, *Radish*?

Taylor. He can say nothing—for to prove it—I have brought the pheasant here, poor fool, just as I snatch'd it out of the dish from them [*puts the pheasant on the table*]; so now your worship has proof before you.

Sancho. By my faith the case is plain—what can you say to this, *Radish*? is this your conscience to come into a neighbour's house, and steal away his goods and chattles? for his pheasant in this case is a chattle—and a delicate one it is [*touching it and liking his fingers*]; o'ons, with a little good sause to it—this were a dish fit for a governor.

[*Tears a leg off and begins to eat it.*]

Gardener. But hear me, my Lord; this is the trick on't; I and Snip us'd often at each others houses, jestingly, to take things; and t'other day having a choice flask of Florence sent a present to my wife from her rich god-mother, I gave this Snip and his wife a taste.

Sancho. Friendly! go on. [*Speaks with his mouth full.*]

Gardener. But not contented with that, he took the opportunity of my absence to make free with the rest—so I thought I had no better way of being even with him than by stealing his wife's pheasant.

Taylor.

Taylor. Why, how now, you old rusty pruning knife! you maggot in a peascod! you caterpillar! will you swear your thin-gut wine was Florence?

Gardener. That I will; and have here another flask just sent me by the same person.

Sancho. Nay, look you Snip, take heed of lying—I don't sit here to see justice abus'd—if it be really Florence, look to it—(*tastes it*) it is, (*again*) sure I can't be mistaken.

Gardener. Believe me, Sir, it is real Florence.

Sancho. It is indeed—and are these things fitting for taylors and gardeners?—fat pheasants and rich wines—and you knaves both, since you have made a practice, by your own confessions of stealing from one another—'tis plain each of you keeps a house to encourage thievery; and by and by will steal from others; I therefore condemn them both to pay ten duckets a piece to the poor, and give security for their good behaviour—not a word, take 'em hence.

[*Exeunt Gardener and Taylor, &c.*]

Enter MANUEL and PEDRO.

Pedro. Oh! disgrace to authority! My Lord Governor feasting in a court of justice!

Sancho. Justice! Odds so! Why not?—I must do myself justice if you won't. [*With his mouth full.*]

Pedro. Instantly remove the remains of that pheasant.

Sancho. For your lives don't touch it.

Pedro. A most sumptuous banquet, my Lord, at this moment awaits you.

Sancho. Is it ready?

Manuel. It only waits your coming.

Sancho. Then take away the pheasant, and break up the Court. This little whet before dinner has only given a keener edge to my appetite.

Cryer. Here's a sheep-stealer and a coiner yet, whose trials stand over for to day.

Sancho. They must wait till another time.

Cryer. That's against all rule of Court. Something must be done with them,

Sancho.

Sancho. Then pillor the coiner, and transport the sheep-stealer, for I havn't time to hang any body till to-morrow. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment.*

Enter MARY and TERESA full dressed.

Mary. Dear heart! I am so fine, I hardly know myself. *[Surveying herself all round.]* Do, mother, put your hand upon my heart, it springs like a bird in my breast with joy. Lud! lud! what a power of handsome men are here at court;—then they are all so well dressed, and grin so pretty to shew their white teeth, and smell so sweet!

Teresa. You must now, Mary, leave off all your rompish tricks that you used to have in the country; you must not, if you see a mule tied to a hedge, bounce upon his back, and ride about the country like a mad thing.

Mary. Let me alone, mother, I have had my lesson; I know what's what I warrant you.—A fine gentleman, they call the master of the ceremonies, was with me above an hour, teaching the manners of the high ton; he told me I did not know what to do with one feature in my face; but he has taught me to glance, and to ogle, and to simper, for I must never laugh as long as I live, for fear of spoiling the shape of my mouth.

Teresa. The same gentleman has been with me, Mary, and has been teaching me all the fashionable games; I now understand quarille, and homer, and cricket.

Mary. I see plain enough, mother, that dress is every thing; fine feathers make fine birds.—Ecod! I should like to meet Dick the miller now, that used to touzle me so coming from mass of a Sunday; I'd soon let him know that I was become a lady, and above such trumpery fellows.

Teresa. Yes, Mary, and if he attempted to kiss your lips, turn up your nose politely, and cry, paws off Cæsar.

E

Mary.

Mary. Yes, and I'd tell him if he did not know good manners I did; then give him a wherret in the chops wou'd make his grinders ake.

Enter MANUEL.

Manuel. I am come ladies to have the honour of conducting you to dinner.

Mary. Dinner! Why Lord, mother, and I have done nothing but eat all the morning—but Mr. Master of the Horse, do Governors wives and daughters make every day holyday like this?

Manuel. This day, my Lady, will every year be marked with great and particular rejoicings, in commemoration of your noble father being invested with authority.

Mary. Oh! it will, in *commisseration* of my noble father being *investigated* with authority!—dear heart! what fine hard words he uses.

Teresa. Now, Lady Mary, consider where you are going—don't listen to every gay spark, who'll tell you a fine story, if you shou'd commit a fox's paw, we shall be all ruin'd in the full senate of our glory.

[*Exeunt led off by Manuel.*]

SCENE, a grand apartment.

Two Tables. One covered for dinner, at which TERESA and MARY are to take their Seats, SANCHO's Table only covered with a cloth, State Chair for him. Trumpets. SANCHO discovered, &c.

Alon. It is the custom, my Lord, in this island, that the Viceroy's Lady dine first, at least of one course: then the Governor's table is served.

Sancho. Here then I find the grey mare is the better horse.

Enter TERESA, attended.

Come, come Lady, Wife, pr'ythee make haste; they tell me it is the custom that I should wait till you have done. —

Teresa.

Teresa. And an excellent custom it is.

Sancho. Excellent as it is my teeth water most cursedly to break it.

Teresa. But, hey day! Where is the Lady wench? I hope she is not at romps with the Master of Horse? Some of the Court go seek her.

Lady. She is here, my Lady.

Enter MARY, running.

Mary. By goles they are at it.—(*Gentleman Usber offering his hand.*) Prithee keep your hands to yourself; do you think I don't know the way to my mouth? by your leave, good people. [*Taking her place.*]

Lady. Shall I help you Miss, to a wing of this cram'd chick.

Mary. Yes, and the breast with it, if you please.—I'm like all fools.—I like what's good.

Sancho. Pr'ythee, Lady daughter, hold thy tongue, and make haste with thy dinner.

Mary. Hay! what father!—Lord love him, how fine he is; he looks like one of the fat men, they call judges, that used to ride thro' our town.

Teresa. A cup of wine.

Alonzo. The Lady Governess is going to drink.

Teresa. Ah! bless thee, dear Governor! (*Trumpets.*)

Sancho. Thank ye, thank ye—crooked rib of mine—O dear! O dear!—(*Impatiently.*)

Lady. Lady Mary, you pick like a sparrow.

Lord. Lady Mary, perhaps, lives upon love.

Mary. Always on love and lumps of the cupboard.

[*Music plays during the dinner, ceasing occasionally for conversation.*]

Teresa. I believe we have had enough of these things.

[*Trumpets. Second course brought in, and Servants enter and cover Sancho's table.*]

Sancho. Turn about is fair play—So I suppose now I may begin.

Alonzo. As soon as your physician comes.

Sancho. My physician, what the devil business has he herre? I do n't want phyfic—I want food.

Alonzo. But, my Lord, so many of your predecessors having been poison'd by the cooks, the Duke has appointed a physician in ordinary to inspect and determine what is proper or noxious to the constitution,

Enter PEDRO as Physician.

Sancho. Your servant, Doctor: I believe I am the first man that ever was glad to see a physician come into the house: now to work; dear heart! how nice it all looks! come, two hands in a dish, and one in a purse—*(preparing to eat. Attendant puts a large cloth under Sancho's chin).* Gad that's a rare Turkey—put him up this way.

(Pedro touches the dish with a wand, servant removes it.)

Sancho. What are you at?

Pedro. By no means, 'tis hot,

Sancho. Hot: to be sure it is; wou'd you have me wait till it's cold?

Pedro. I say 'tis hot, inflammatory, and corroding; the flesh pernicious to your constitution; my Lord, I am stipended in this island, to take care of its Governors, and to prescribe a diet proper for 'em.

Sancho. Why then, hand up that roasted pig—I'm sure that is as innocent as any thing can be.

Pedro. Horrible! the cook has sent it up quite raw: You shou'dn't touch it for the world.—'Sdeath, the rogue ought to be hang'd.—He'll poison the Governor in two days.

Sancho. Poison him! I think he's more in danger of starving—dut Doctor to end the dispute, take a survey of the whole table, and which ever dish you think will agree with me, let me have my belly full of that, before its whisk'd away by that magical wand of yours.

Pedro. Omnis Saturatio, Mala, Perdicis autem pessima—*(Pedro points with his wand to the several dishes on the table as he surveys it)* therefore you must not touch these partridges—Rabbits are a hairy, furry kind of food fit only for the frozen stomach of a Laplander, then the onions in which they are smother'd are pernicious to the eyes; this
veal

veal must not stay a moment longer on the table—Indeed had it been neither stew'd, roasted, boil'd, minc'd, fricaseed or marinaded something perhaps might be said for it.

Sancho. Odsso! I have hit the nail upon the head at last—yonder I spy a smoaking hot dish of Olla podrida—a hodge podge, a mixture of all sort of food; so the devil's in't if there I shant light of something both wholesome and toothsome, hand it over, hand it over.

Pedro. Absit—absit—

Sancho. Sit still—Sit still I say with it.

Pedro. Do you consider my Lord Governor, that I shall have your life to account for?

Sancho. Villain! you'll have my death to answer for; dear heart I'm quite worn out with fatigue and fasting—my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth; a cup of wine there.

Pedro. 'Tis death till I have first examined and corrected it, let me see the glass.

Sancho. Why what the devil—an't I to drink neither.

Pedro. Not till I have allay'd the acid quality of the wine my Lord, and made it fit for your stomach; you are inclining to a hectic and choler—strong liquors destroy the humidum radicale.

Sancho. Why you damn'd confounded paracelsian—what sort of a Governor do you think me, not to eat nor drink? but one word, Pray what is your name friend?

Pedro. Sir, I am stil'd Doctor Rezio de Aguero. I am a native of Tirte Affura and took my degree in the Univerfity of Osuna.

Sancho. Why then Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero, native of Dirty Furio, and who took your degree in the Univerfity of Osuna, take these plates and dishes at your head—I seize on this fowl, and this bread and bottle [*Snatches up a carving knife*] which I will defend to the hour of my death—and you my good lady and daughter, with the rest that cou'd eat your own dinner, and see the Governor starv'd, begone, all, you ungrateful wretches.

[*They all run off calling for help. He throwing the things about &c.*]

Entr

Enter MESSENGER, hastily.

Arm, arm, my Lord, you are not safe a minute; here's news now come that several thousand Buccaneers, pirates and banditti have enter'd your island; here's a letter too sent from the Duke to give you notice of the danger, you must prepare for your defence immediately.

Sancho. You know I can't read it.

Alonso. (*Reads*) Signior Sancho—I have just learned that certain enemies of mine, and of the island meditate a desperate and furious assault immediately; several spies are about your person, with intent to assassinate you; take care of yourself, and the charge committed to you; transmit me word what succours you may want; your danger is great. Your friend the Duke.

Enter PEDRO.

Oh! Unfortunate estate of this unhappy island; that because of its wealth, and fertility, is perpetually plagued with enemies, who bear a mortal spite to all those that rule; those damn'd banditti, and buccaneers, have taken and flea'd three or four of our governors already.

Sancho. The devil they have!

Enter MANUEL.

Noble Don Sancho. The enemy gains ground every moment, therefore come away instantly to the citidal, that we may arm you, and put you at the head of your brave troops, who impatiently expect you.

Sancho. But why all this hurry? 'odds life! I know no more what belongs to fighting, than a General does of cow keeping.

Manuel. They'll come upon us before we have taken up our arms; but it never shall be said, that I stood tamely and saw so famous an island lost; I'll go and defend the gates as long as I can against them.

[*Manuel going.*]

Sancho. Where the devil are you going?

[*Manuel.*]

Manuel. Going! where the Governor ought to be in person; into the heat of battle, amidst fire and smoke; to have a clear view of all our danger. *[Exit Manuel.]*

Sancho. This is the first time I ever knew a man went into smoke to have a clear view of any thing; but Dr. Dirty Furio, sure you won't leave me to be flead alive by these damned Buccaneers?

Pedro. My Lord, my character's at stake.

Sancho. Then go like an intrepid physican, and establish it by the death of thousands.

Pedro. 'Tis true I differ from the soldier in profession.

Sancho. But you agree exactly with him in practice; so away with you, doctor. *[Exit Pedro.]*

[Guns fire, shouts, drums, and trumpets.]

This comes of nibbling at governments *[shouts louder]* where shall I fly! this way, I know, leads to the garden, and I'll steal off there and hide myself, if its only behind a gooseberry bush *[as he goes to one side of the stage, he stops suddenly hearing a violent shout from that quarter]* odso! I was rushing into the lion's mouth, *[runs to the opposite side, stopped by another shout]* 'tis out of the frying pan into the fire; I'll jump out of this window *[runs to the back of the stage, but the moment he opens the window bears a shout.]*

MANUEL without.

Make this breach good; raise those ladders; fire the pitch and rosin, and get some kettles of scalding oil ready.

Sancho. Scalding oil! no doubt to pour down the poor Governor's throat.

PEDRO without.

Deliver up the Governor, and we'll make a truce; bring him out; we know by his robe; here are an hundred of us have sworn to spit him, and roast him alive for an example to all such future governors.

Sancho. Nay, if like an ermine I'm known by my skin, even take that amongst you *[throws off his robe, they shout again]* what shall I do, where shall I hide? I'll get under the table; a dogs place, and a whole skin is better than laced robes and danger *[bides himself undared]*

der one of the tables, another shout, then *viçtoria! viçtoria!* cried.

Enter Duke, Pedro, Manuel, &c. &c.

Duke. Thanks fellow Soldiers, for your noble defence of this valuable Island.—But all our joys are incomplete, till we receive tidings of the Governor.

[Sancho pops out his head.]

Manuel. Here is his robe, my Lord.

Sancho. Well, what will you have from the Cat but the skin; but what do I see, it is the Duke himself.

Duke. Go, some of you, and seek him amongst his slain; and if only his head can be found, he who shows me that first, shall be rewarded with a thousand crowns.

SANCHO (*addressing the Duke.*)

Then my Lord I claim the reward myself.

Duke. What Don Sancho, our much beloved Governor.

SANCHO (*Coming from under the table.*)

No, my Lord plain Sancho,—and no Governor.—

Duke. What, do you resign your high office?

Sancho. I do, indeed, my Lord—St. Peter is very well at Rome; Cobler stick to your last; there's no making a velvet purse of a Pig's ear—my Lord Duke I thank you for your kindness, but return you your Government back again; nature never intended me for fighting.—No nor fasting—Doctor; all I now ask is, give me my wife, my daughter and dapple.—Take notice, I have not displac'd a tile nor a brick in the Island.—A poor man I came in and a poor man I go out of place, and if every Governor cou'd say the same, he'd be sure of what I now most wish for PUBLIC APPROBATION.—

F I N I S.

Lately published,

Written by the SAME AUTHOR,

The FAIR AMERICAN: A Comic Opera, in Three Acts; as it is performed, with universal applause, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Price 1 s. 6 d.

SONGS, CHORUSES, and RECITATIVE, in the Pantomime of the MAGIC CAVERN, performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Price 6 d.

Printed by J. ALMOND, No. 183, Fleet Street.



